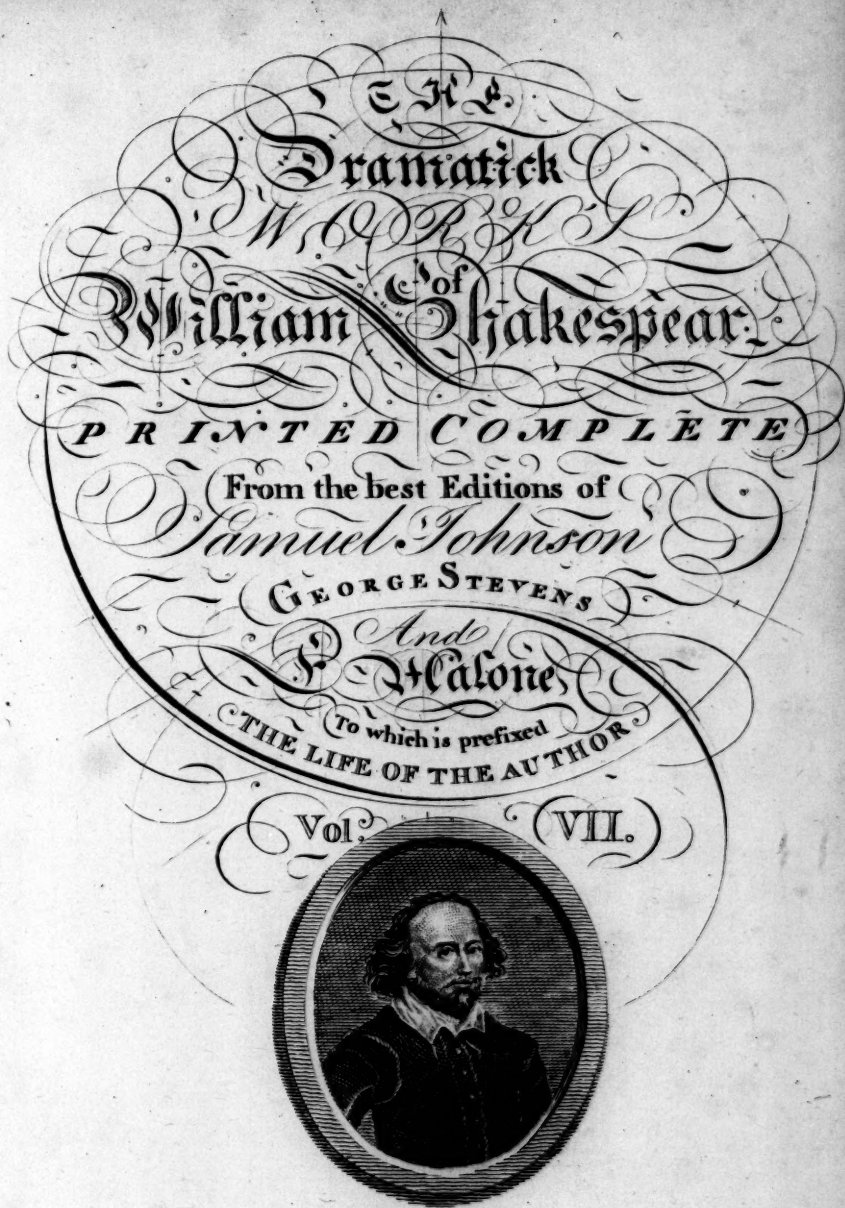

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

Containing

TIMON OF ATHENS, || TITUS ANDRONICUS,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, || CYMBELINE.





Printed for W. Gordon, N. R. Cheyne, & L. Fairbairn, & Silvester Doig, Edinburgh. I. Lackington, London. W. Coke, Leith. & W. Anderson, Stirling. MDC CXCH.

EDINBURGH

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

Vol. VII.

A

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Timon, a noble Athenian.

Lucius,
Lucullus, } Lords.
Sempronius,

Apemantus, a Philosopher.

Alcibiades.

Flavius, Steward to *Timon*.

Flaminius,
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants*.
Servilius,

Caphis,
Varro,
Philo,
Titus,
Lucius,
Hortensius, } Servants.

Ventidius, one of *Timon's* Friends.

Cupid and Maskers.

Strangers.

W O M E N.

Phrynia,
Timandra, } Mistresses to *Alcibiades*.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant;
with Servants and Attendants.

Scene, Athens; and the Woods not far from it.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House. Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several Doors.

Poet.

Good day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long ; How goes the world ?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See,
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I knew the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord !

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continueate goodness :
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't : For the lord Timon, Sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : But, for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking on the Jewel.*]

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing flipt idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, Sir. When comes your book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing ? what a mental power
'This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
Moves in this lip ? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ; -- Happy men !

Pain. Look, more ?

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality) tender down
 Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount
 Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states : amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on :
 All those which were his fellows but of late
 (Some better than his value), on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself courteously
to every Suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [To a Messenger.

Mes. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your honour !

[Exit

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : What of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,

And

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [To LUCIL.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [Ex. LUCIL. and Old Ath.]

Poet.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:

Go not away.---What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.---Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe it dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue.
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st

Apem. Are they not Athenians? [them not.]

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do : I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus ?

Apem. The best, for the innocence

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it ?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter : and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog ?

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation ; What's she, if I be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

Apem. No ; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thoud'st anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords ; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus ?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth ?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.——How now, poet ?

Poet. How now, philosopher ?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one ?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet ?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour : He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim.

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.---

Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
You must needs dine with me :---Go not you hence,
'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.---I am joyful of your fights.---

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir!

Apem. So, so; there?---

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir :
E'er we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast;

Apem.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend,

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the as.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes

The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in TIMON'S House. Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet serv'd in; and then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace,
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then,

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;
I gave it freely over ; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them : Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shewn ;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They sit.*]

I Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus !---you are welcome :

Apem. No ; you shall not make me welcome :
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors

Tim. Fy, thou art a churl ; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :---

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.---

Go, let him have a table by himself ;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon ;
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian.
Therefore welcome : I myself would have no power :
I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choak me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.---O you gods ! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd,
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round,

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire;
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath, or bond;
Or a barlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.*

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away e'er it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant,

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome.

[*Exit Cupid.*]

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. *Re-enter Cupid, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing*

Ephem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With pois'nous spite and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon; and to sever their Lovers, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women; a lofty strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

[*ladies,*

Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device ;
 I am to thank you for it.

I Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and would not
 Taking, I doubt me. [hold

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [Exeunt

Tim. Flavius.---

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.---More jewels yet !
 There is no crossing him in his humour ; [Aside.
 Else I should tell him,--- Well,---i'faith, I should,
 When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the Casket.

I Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word
 To say to you :---Look you, my good lord, I must
 Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
 Advance this jewel ; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

I Lord. I am so far already in your gifts.---

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
 Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
 Vouchsafe me a word ; it doth concern you near.

Tim. Near, why then another time I'll hear thee :
 I prithee, let us be provided
 To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [Aside.] I scarce know how.

Enter

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.---How now ? what news ?

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord that honourable gentleman,
lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt
with him ; and hath sent your honour two brace of grey-
hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*side.*] What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.---
Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good :
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word ; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books,
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out !
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too
much
Of your own merits :---Here, my lord ; a trifle of our
love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it,

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know no
Can justly praise, but what he does affect : [man
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.---Alcibiades,
Thou art a foldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. In defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,---

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinite endear'd,---

Tim. All to you.---Lights! more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!--

Tim. Ready for his friends,

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords &c.*

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the fums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on courties.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long. Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on society,

I am

I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better music.

[Exit.

Apen. So;—

Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public Place in the City. Enter a Senator.

Senator.

AND late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold: it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, Sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With flight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates

Has

Has smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger :
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Capb. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir !—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Capb. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

TIMON'S Hall. Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot ; Takes no account
 How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue ; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done ? He will not hear, 'till feel :
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Enter CAPHIS, with the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Fye, fye, fye, fye !

Capb. Good even, Varro : What,
 You come for money ?

Var. Is't not your business too ?

Capb. It is :—And your's too, Isidore ?

Isid. It is so.

Capb. 'Would we were all discharg'd !

Var.

Var. I fear it.

Capb. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

[They present their Bills.]

Capb. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Capb. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Capb. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts, you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Capb. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment.—

Capb. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past.—

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[Exeunt ALCIBIADES, &c.]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[To FLAVIUS.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:

Your

Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit TIMON.*]

Flav. Pray draw near.

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

Enter APEMANTUS, and a Fool.

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus;
Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself,—Come away. [*To the Fool.*]

Isid. [*To Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Capb. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we Apemantus?

Apem. Affes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here come's my master's page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'st not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.]

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS, and Fool.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, e'er this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single 'vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Fast won, fast lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Can'st thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his
Honour to-day ;—You, to Sempronius.—
Commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money : let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? hum !—

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the senators [To FLAV.
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way),
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch---would all were well---'tis pity---
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. Your gods reward them !—

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis back of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.---
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,

Thou

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,
 No blame belongs to thee:---Ventidius lately
 Bury'd his father: by whose death, he's stepp'd
 Into a great estate: when he was poor,
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
 I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents:---that had, give it these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink;
Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is
 bounty's foe;
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

LUCULLUS's House in Athens. FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him;

Servant.

I HAVE told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flav. I thank you, Sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, Sir --- Fill me some wine,-- And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,--nothing doubting says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.---Get you gone firrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]---Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit. LUCULLUS.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee? Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II.

A public Street. Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend
and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but
strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord,
and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Ti-
mon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks,
from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for
money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long
ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow
so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd
what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the
gods, I am ashamed on't. Deny'd that honourable man?
there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own
part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small
kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such
like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook
him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occa-
sion so many talents

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,— [*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Luc. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind.—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him!

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall,

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*

True,

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed ;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [Exit.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hosiilius ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's sport ;
And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish ? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse ;
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS's House. Enter SEMPRONIUS, with a Servant of TIMON's.

Serv. Must he needs trouble me in't ? Hum ! 'Bove all
He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus ; [others,
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,

Whom

Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,

They have all been touch'd, and found base metal, for
They have all deny'd him !

Sen. How ! have they deny'd him ?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him ?

And does he send to me ? Three ? hum ! —

It shews but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physicians,

Thrive, give him over ; Must I take the cure upon me ?

He has much disgrac'd me in't ; I am angry at him,

That might have known my place : I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er receiv'd gift from him :

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last ? No :

So it may prove an argument of laughter

To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;

I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join ;

Who hates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The
devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic ;
he cross'd himself by't : and I cannot think, but, in the
end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly
this lord strives to appear foul ? takes virtuous copies to be
wicked ; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set
whole realms on fire !

Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,

Save only the gods : Now his friends are dead.

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

Now to guard sure their master.

And

And this is all a liberal course allows ;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*TIMON'S House. Enter VARRO, TITUS, HORTENSIVS,
LUCIVS, and other Servants of TIMON'S Creditors, who
wait for his coming out.*

Var. Well met ; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius !

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Ay, and I think,

One business does command us all ; for mine

Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. and Sir Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the
hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him ;
You must consider, that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable,
I fear.

'Tis deeper winter in lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shews,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness :
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : What's yours ?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminus ! Sir, a word : Pray is my lord ready
to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows, you are too
diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.]*

Enter FLAVIUS in a Cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear Sir ?

Var. By your leave, Sir.——

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat ?
Then they would smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws ;
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up ;
Let me pass quietly :
Believ't, my lord and I have made an end ;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you ;

For you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*]

Var. How ! what does his cashier'd worship mutter ?

Tit. No matter what ; he's poor,

And that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader

'Than he that has no house to put his head in ?

Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius ; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should
Derive much from it : for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent :
His comfortable temper has forsook him ;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick :
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, Sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help !—my lord ! my lord !

Enter TIMON, in a Rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage ?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail ?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart ?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Capb. And ours, my lord.

Pbi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas ! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. My lord,—

2 Var. My lord.

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves; Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly?—Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all; I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O, my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Senate-House. Senators, and ALCIBIADES.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's
'Tis necessary he should die: [bloody;
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate !

1 *Sen.* Now, captain ?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues :

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault) ;
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, e'er 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs
His outsidcs ; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill ?

Alc. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threats; sleep upon it,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy? If there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremeest gust;
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety;
 But who is man, that is not angry;
 Weigh but the crime with this,

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies:
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em; he
 Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin
 That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him: in that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
 His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
 My lords, if not for any parts in him
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
 And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,

Take

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law; he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senate.*]

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honour, with most hands to be at odds;
 Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

TIMON'S House. Enter divers Senators at several Doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable
 lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we
 encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he
 made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new
 feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest
 inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to
 put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I
 must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate
 business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry,
 when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was
 out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how
 all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have bor-
 row'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir,——Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how
 fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.*

2 Sen. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Afide.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble Lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 Sen. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

—Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? What's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd; Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Sen. I do conceive—

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool

e'er we can agree upon the first place : Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd : but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another : for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are. — The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean ?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends ! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last ;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing Water in their Faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks !
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er !—What, dost thou go ?
Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou ;—

[Throws the Dishes at them.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion ? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn,

Burn, house ; sink, Athens ! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity !

[Exit.

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords ?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury ?

3 *Sen.* Pish ! did you see my cap ?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour
fways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now
he has beat it out of my hat :—Did you see my jewel ?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap ?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens. Enter TIMON.

Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent ;
Obedience fail in children ! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads ! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity !
Do't in your parents' eyes ! bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! bound servants, steal ;
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law ! maid, to thy master's bed,

Thy

Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains ! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet confusion live !—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke ! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners ! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth ;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot ! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms ; and their crop
 Be general leprosy ! breath infect breath ;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town !
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns !
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low !
 Amen. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

TIMON'S House. Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

I Serv. Hear you, master steward, where is our master ?
 Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[Giving them Money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

But

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good?
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurst,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of Monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Woods. Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that blow: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;

There's

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men?
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging the Earth.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha! you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides; *[this]*
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—*[March afar off.]*—Ha! a drum:—
Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[Keeping some Gold.]*

Enter ALCIBIADLS, *with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner, and* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man:

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim.

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules;
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Pbr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curst Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it; I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon.

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ;

Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse : Swear against objects ;
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
 Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou giv'st
 Not all thy counsel. [me,

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon thee !

Pbr. and *Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon : Hast
 thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats : Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter ;—wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
 Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
 A pox of wrinkles !

Pbr. and *Timan.* Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
 Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quillits shrilly : hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself : down with the nose,
 Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to force see,

Smells

Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war [bald ;
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more-gold :—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Pbr. and Timan. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given
you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewel,
Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats.* *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.]

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's un-
kindness,

Should yet be hungry !——Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Enscar thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man: Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. 'Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
 A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, candle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit: Call the creatures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight

OF

Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,---bid them flatter thee ;
O! thou ſhalt find---

Tim. A fool of thee : Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but ſay, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out ?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thyſelf in't ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What ! a knave too ?

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſour cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well : but thou
Doſt it enforcedly ; thou'd'ſt courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :
The one is filling ſtill, never complete ;
The other, at high wiſh : Beſt ſtate, contentleſs,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.
Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath, proceeded
The ſweet degrees that this brief world affords
To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wou'd'ſt have plung'd thyſelf
In general riot ; melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt ; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but follow'd
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary ;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment
 (That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows); I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden :
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men ?
 They never flatter'd thee : What hast thou giv'n ?
 If thou wilt curse,---thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject ; who in spight, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !---
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet ?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.--
 That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a Root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast. [*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lake of thine.

Tim. Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest :

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where 'ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where
 I eat it.

Tim.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou should'st have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means.

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women, nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine ownself the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be
kill'd

kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and feest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee,---

I'll beat thee,---but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.

I am

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the Gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That foder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;---

But not 'till I am dead!---I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee,

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!---I am quit.

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men!---Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

[*Enter Thieves.*]

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some
poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The
mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends,
drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care
not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve
it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All.

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves!

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous huswife, Nature, on each bush
Lays her full mefs before you. Want! why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: To Athens go,

Break

Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen.

[Exit.

3 *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession,
by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no
time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and TIMON's Cave. Enter FLAVIUS.

Flavius.

O you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour has

Desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do!

He has caught me in his eye: I will present

My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had honest man about me, I ; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer ;—then I
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st [love thee,
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping ?

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one ;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange it
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so !---thou singly honest man,
Here, take :---the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :
But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all : shew charity to none ;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
E'er thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing : Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not ; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where
he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour
hold for true, that he is so full of gold ?

Pain. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia and Ti-
mandra had gold of him : he likewise enrich'd poor
straggling foldiers with great quantity : 'Tis said, he gave
his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler-kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter TIMON from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,

Than

Than where swine feed !

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam ;

Sett'st admired reverence in a slave :

To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !

Fit I meet them.

Post. Hail ! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Post. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What ! to you !

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being ! I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better :

You, that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,

Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men ! Why, how shall I requite you ?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water ? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men ! You have heard that I have gold ;

I am sure, you have : speak truth : you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men :—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, Sir, as I say :—And, for thy fiction,

[*To the Poet.*]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault :

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave;

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Knew his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,

That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough,

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.--But two in company,--

Each man apart,---all single, and alone,---

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.---

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*]

Come not near him.---If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*]

But where one villain is, then him abandon.---

Hence ! pack ! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves :

You

You have work for me, there is payment : Hence !
 You are an alchymist, make gold of that : ---
 Out, rascal dogs ! *[Exit, beating and driving them out.]*

SCENE III.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave :
 It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
 To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
 Men are not still the same : 'Twas time, and griefs,
 That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. —
 Peace and content be here ! lord Timon ! Timon !
 Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,
 By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! — Speak, and be
 For each true word, a blister, and each false *[hang'd !]*
 Be as a canterizing to the root o' the tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy Timon. —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back the
 Could I but catch it for them. *[plague,*

I Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :
And now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;
And sends forth us, to make their sorrowed render.
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

I Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority ;—so soon shall we drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

I Sen. Therefore, Timon,——

Tim. Well, Sir, I will ; therefore I will, Sir ; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving

Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke,

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them;—
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,

And

And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
 From high to low throughout, that whoſo pleaſe
 To ſtop affliction, let him take his haſte,
 Come hither, e'er my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himſelf:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find.

Tim. Come not to me again: but ſay to Athens, [him.
 Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion:
 Upon the breached verge of the ſalt flood,
 Which once a day with his embossed froth
 The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover; thither come;
 And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.—
 Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
 What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
 Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
 Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1 Sen. His diſcontents are unremovably
 Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
 And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
 In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires ſwift foot.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*The Walls of Athens. Enter two other Senators, with a
 Meſſenger.*

1 Sen. Thou haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
 As full as thy report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt:
 Beſides, his expedition promiſes
 Preſent approach.

2 Sen. We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Meſ.

Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends ;—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which import'd
His fellowſhip i' the cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies's drums is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choke the air with duſt : In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Woods. Enter a Soldier, ſeeking TIMON.

Sol. By all deſcription, this ſhould be the place,
Who's here ? ſpeak, ho !---No anſwer ?---What is this ?
Timon is dead, who hath outſtretch'd his ſpan :
Some beaſt read this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, ſure ; and this his grave. What's on this tomb ?
I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax ;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Before the walls of Athens. Trumpets sound. Enter ALCEBIADES, with his Powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[Sound a Parley. The Senators appear upon the Walls.]
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more* : now breathless wrong
Shall fit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young.
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
E'er thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingraticudes with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means ;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out ;

Shame,

Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread :
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature leaths), take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges ; crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou-rather shalt enforce it with thy smile.
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports :
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,

But

But shall be remedy'd by your public laws
At heavieft answer.

Beth. 'Tis moft nobly fpoken.

Alc. Defcend and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the fea:
And, on his grave-ftone, this inſculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whofe foft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[ALCIBIADES reads the Epitaph.]

Here lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:

Seek not my name: A plague conſume you wicked caitiffs left?

Here lie I Timon; woe, alive, all living men did hate:

Paſs by, and curſe thy fill; but paſs, and ſtay not here thy gait.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy later ſpirits:
Though thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brains flow, and thoſe our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.---On:---Faults forgiven,---Dead
Is noble Timon; of whoſe memory
Hereafter more.---Bring me into your city,
And I will uſe the olive with my ſword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's leach,---
Let our drums ſtrike,

[*Exeunt.*]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Vol. VII.

G

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

<i>Priam,</i>	}	Trojans.
<i>Hector,</i>		
<i>Troilus,</i>		
<i>Paris,</i>		
<i>Deiphobus,</i>		
<i>Helenus,</i>		
<i>Æneas,</i>		
<i>Pandarus,</i>		
<i>Calchas,</i>		
<i>Antenor,</i>	}	Greeks.
<i>Margarelon, a Bastard Son of Priam.</i>		
<i>Agamemnon,</i>		
<i>Achilles,</i>		
<i>Ajax,</i>		
<i>Menelaus,</i>		
<i>Ulysses,</i>		
<i>Nestor,</i>		
<i>Diomedes,</i>		
<i>Patroclus,</i>	}	
<i>Thersites,</i>		

W O M E N.

Helen, Wife to Menelaus.

Andromache, Wife to Hector.

Cassandra, daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.

Cressida, daughter to Calchas.

Alexander, Cressida's Servant.

Boy, Page to Troilus.

Servant to Diomed.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

Scene, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. PRIAM's Palace. Enter PANDARUS, and TROILUS,

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet; I'll uparm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will
have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd ?

Pan. Ay the grinding ; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, the boulting ; but you must tarry the lea-
vening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word
hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the
heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor!—when she comes!—Whence is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw
 her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
 As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
 Bury'd this sigh in wringle of a smile:
 But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than He-
 en's (well, go to), there were no more comparifon be-
 tween the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswo-
 man; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I
 would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I
 will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but —

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
 When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair:
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart.
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait? her voice:
 Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
 In whose comparifon all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is:
 if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she
 has the mends in her own hands.

Troi.

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-mour; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,--

Pan. Not I,

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,--

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit. PANDARUS.]

[Sound Alarum.]

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides? Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Troi. Because not there; This woman's answer forts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus:

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

[*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street. Enter CRESSIDA, and ALEXANDER her Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Serv. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him?

Serv.

Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their
particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish
as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed
into folly, his folly fauced with discretion: there is no
man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any
man an attain, but he carries some stain of it: he is me-
lancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He
hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of
joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use;
or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle,
and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof
hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk
of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?
When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?
Was Hector arm'd, and gone, e'er ye came to Ilium?
Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan.

Pan. True he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison. [two.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cre. So he is.

Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown..

Pan.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much : if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his ; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window,---and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter ?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him ;---she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,---

Cre. Juno have mercy !---How came it cloven .

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled ; I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cre. O, yes ; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to them :---But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,-----

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus ? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin ;---Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pox of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one-and-fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and-fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.*

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. *[Sound a Retreat.]*

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field : Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium ? good niece, do ; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here we may see most bravely : I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by ; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas ; Is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you ; But mark Troilus ; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor ; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever ; and a proper man of person :---When comes Troilus ?---I'll shew you Troilus anon ; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector ; that, that, look you, that ; There's a fellow !---Go thy way, Hector ;---There's a brave man, niece.---O brave Hector !---Look, how he looks ! there's a countenance : Is't not a brave man ?

Cre. O, a brave man !

Pan. Is a' not ? It does a man's heart good.---Look you, what hacks are on his helmet ? look you yonder, do you see ? look you there ! There's no jesting ; laying on ; take't off who will, as they say : there be hacks !

Cre. Be those with swords ?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords ? any thing, he cares not : an the devil come to him, it's all one : By god's lid, it does one's heart good :---Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris : look ye yonder, niece ; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not ?---

not?---Why, this is brave now.---Who said, he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!---you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,---I marvel, where Troilus is;---That's Helenus;---I think he went not forth to-day;---That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;---yes, he'll fight indifferent well:---I marvel, where Troilus is!---Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!---Hem!---Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;---O brave Troilus!---look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!---O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?---Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Enter Soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone! crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan.

Pan. Well, well!--Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a mind'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye,--for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*]: I doubt he be hurt.--Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,--

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token--you are a bawd.--

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,---
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,-----
 Achievement is, command ; ungain'd, beseech :
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit

SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON,
 NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, with others.*

Aga. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
 'The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : cheeks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven year's siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't furnished shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protracting trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,

The

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk ?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knoted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,——
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,——

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—

[To NESTOR.]

I give to both your speeches,---which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in bras; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,---yet let it please both,---
Thou great,---and wise,---to hear Ulysses speak.

Aga. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needles, of importles burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Therfites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?

Commotion

Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? O when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecillity,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb: the general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Uly. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—

Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;

And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

'Twill stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er rested seeming

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—

Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard.

As he, being dress'd to some oration.

That's done;—as near as the extremest ends

Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:

Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus;—*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,

And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries *O !—enough, Patroclus ;—*
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes.
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle : and sets Therites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Uly. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies's weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles's horse
Makes many Thetis's sons.

[*Trumpets sound.*

Aga.

Aga. What trumpet? look Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head, and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might weaken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Aga. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
 'To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind ;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
 'That thou shalt know, Trojan ; he is awake ;
 He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;---
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
 Who in this dull and long continu'd truce
 Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
 If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
 That loves his mistress more than in confession
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
 And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
 In other arms than her's,---to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
 If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas ;
 I none of them have soul in such a kind,

We

We left them all at home : but we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now;
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,---
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
 And meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
 I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyf. Amen.

Ag. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, Sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exit.*]

Manent ULYSSES, and NESTOR.

Ulyf. Nestor—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyf. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyf. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
 That hath to its maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyf. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest.

Nest. The purpose is prespicious even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up :
 And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that Achilles were his brain as barren
 As banks of Libya,---though Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough,---will with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
 Pointing on him.

Uly. And wake him to the answer, think you ?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet ; Whom may you else oppose,
 That can from Hector bring those honours off,
 If not Achilles ? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in this trial much opinion dwells ;
 For here the Trojans taste our dearest repute
 With their fin'it palate : And trust to me, Ulysses,
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
 In this wild action : for the success,
 Although particular, shall give a scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general ;
 And in such indexes, although small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steal a strong opinion to themselves ?
 Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Uly. Give pardon to my speech ;---
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,

That

That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; What are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices : If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes.---
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other ; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX, and THERSITES.

Ajax.

THERSITES,——

Ther. Agamemuon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Therfites,——

Ther. And those boils did run!——Say so,——did not the general run then; were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I Shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty; ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Therites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whorson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou fool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego may tutor thee; Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do,

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how no, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now Therites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter!

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well; why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain,
more

more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,---who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,---I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax---

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit---

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not; He there; that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall---

Achil. Will you set you wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therisites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so!---a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therisites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,---whose wit was mouldy e'er your grandfathers had nails on their toes,---yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Acbil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, e'er I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Acbil. Marry this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, [hoist:]
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain---I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Acbil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:---I'll go learn more of it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Troy. PRIAM'S Palace. Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else---

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In bot digestion of this cormorant war,

Shall be struck off:---Hector, what say you to't?

Hec. Though no man lesser fears the Greek than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,

Dread

Dread Priam,
 There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out---*Who knows what follows?*
 Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother!
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with courtiers sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
 You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm:
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd?---Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason : reason and respect
Makes livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd ?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer ; 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god ;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infection self affects,
Without some image of the infected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment ; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour :
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them ; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd---Go, go),

If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd---*Inestimable*!) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans! cry.

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
 Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as would offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 But I would have the foil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unsam'd,

Where

Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,

She

She is a theme of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
 I was advertis'd their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. ACHILLES' Tent. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Therfites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war

war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Therſites? Good Therſites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldſt not have ſlipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, Thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays—thou art a fair corſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thyſelf in to my table ſo many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therſites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. — Proceed, Therſites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therſites is a fool; and, as aforeſaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such a patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.]

Aga. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.]

Ulyf. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord. [To AGAMEMNON.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyf. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Therfites?

Ulyf. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyf.

Ulyf. No ; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument ; Achilles.

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction : But it was a strong compofure, a fool could difunite.

Ulyf. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may eafily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyf. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtefy ; His legs are for neceffity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me fay—he is much forry, If any thing more than your fport and pleafure Did move your greatnefs, and this noble ftate, To call on him ; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and you digeftion fake, An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, Patroclus ;——

We are too well acquainted with thefe answers : But his evafion, wing'd thus fwift with fcorn, Cannot out-fly our apprehenfions.

Much attribute he hath ; and much the reafon Why we afcribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—

Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—

Do, in our eyes, begin to lofe their glofs ;

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholefome difh,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to fpeak to him : And you fhall not fin,

If you do fay—we think him over-proud,

And under-honeft ; in felf-afumption greater,

Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than himfelf,

Here tend the favage ftrangenefs he puts on ;

Disguife the holy ftrength of their command,

And under-write in an obferving kind

His humourous predominance ; yea, watch

His pettifh lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if

'The paffage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,

That, if he over-hold his price fo much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report——
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant —Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks him-
A better man than I? [*self*

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Aga. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,
As wise, and no less noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself:
Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praises itself
But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engender-
ing of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself; it is not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyf. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyf. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyf. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess he is with greatness;

And

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself : What should I say ?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.——

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :
'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Uly. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles ! Shall the proud lord
That bailes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles :
That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid !
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause !

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreeze his pride :—
Let me go to him.

Uly. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,——

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyf. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Ag. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyf. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyf. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises: [*Aside.*]

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyf. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAMEMNON.*]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyf. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man——But 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

'Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now——

Ulyf. If he were proud

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyf. Ay, or furly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyf. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praile him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd by thy tutor; and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half : and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war ;
Fresh kings are come to Troy : To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast :
And here's a lord,---come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep :
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. The Palace. Enter PANDARUS, and a Servant,
[*Musick within.*]

Pandarus.

FRIEND ! you ! pray you, a word : Do not you follow
the young lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean ?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:--What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, Sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir: Marry, Sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invincible soul,——

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, Sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS, and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company: fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! — especially

—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my Lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus——

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan.

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These

These lovers cry---Oh ! oh ! they die !

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !*

So dying love lives still :

Oh ! Oh ! a while, but ha ! ha ! ha !

Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !

Hey ho !

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose,

Par. He eats nothing but doves love ; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love ? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds ?---Why, they are vipers : Is love a generation of vipers ? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day ?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something ;---you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.---I long to hear how they sped to-day.---You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. *Sound a Retreat*

Par. They are come from field : let's to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish finews ; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris : Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty

Give

Give us more palm in beauty than we have ;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PANDARUS's Garden. *Enter* PANDARUS, and TROILUS's
Man.

Pan. How now ? where's thy master ? at my cousin
Cressida's ?

Serv. No, Sir ; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.---How now, how now ?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin ?

Troi. No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer ! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid !

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her straight ;

[*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Troi. I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense ; What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar ? death, I fear me ;
Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers :
I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
the enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: I'll
fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:---she fetches her
breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *Exit PANDARUS.*

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of Majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
baby.---Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her,
that you have sworn to me.---What, are you gone again?
you must be watch'd e'er you be made tame, must you?
Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw back-
ward, we'll put you i' the files.---Why do you not speak
to her?---Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your
picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-
light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on,
and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build
there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight
your hearts out, e'er I part you. The falcon as the
tercel, for all the ducks i' the river; go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll
bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in
question. What, billing again? here's---*In witness where-
of the parties interchangeably*---Come in, come in; I'll go
get a fire. *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?---The gods grant!---O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty
abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady
in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly. —

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long e'er they be woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools:
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you ;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool.—I will be gone : —
Where is my wit ? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love ;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman
(As, if it can, I will presume in you),
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right !
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,——
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,——
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre.

Cre. Prophet may you be !

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood : when they have said—as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son ;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made ; seal it, seal it ; I'll be
 the witness.—Here I hold your hand ; here, my coun-
 sin's. If ever you prove false to one another, since I have
 taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful
 goers-between be called to the world's end after my name,
 call them all—Pandars ; let all inconstant men by Troi-
 luses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between
 Pandars ! say, amen.

Troi. Amen :

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a bed-
 chamber ; which bed, because it shall not speak of your
 pretty encounters, preys it to death : away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
 Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The Grecian Camp. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, Dio-
 MED, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.*

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
 The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let Diomedes hear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit DIOMED, and CALCHAS.*]

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands at the entrance of his tent:—
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,

Lay

Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :——
 I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him :
 If so, I have derision med'cinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
 It may do good : pride hath no other glass
 To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
 Freed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along ;——
 So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha !

Achil. Good-morrow.

Ajax. Ay ; and good next day too. [*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean these fellows ? know they not Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were us'd to bend,
 To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;
 To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
 To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late ?
 'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too : What the declin'd is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer ;
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honour ; but's honour'd for those honours
 That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit :
 Which, when, they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me :
 Fortune and I are friends ; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks, find out
 Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses ;
 I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses ?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son ?

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 'To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

'The beauty that is borne here in the face,
 'The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 'To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
 Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
 Who, in his circumstance expressly proves—
 'That no man is the lord of any thing

(Though

(Though in and of him there is much consisting,) 'Till he communicate his parts to others : Nor doth he of himself know them for aught 'Till he behold them form'd in the applause Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, reverberates The voice again ; or like a gate of steel [rates Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ; And apprehended here immediately The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ; That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there Most abject in regard, and dear in use ! [are, What things again most dear in the esteem, And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow An act that very chance doth throw upon him, Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do, While some men leave to do ! How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall, While others play the idiots in her eyes ! How one man eats into another's pride, While pride is feasting in his wantonness ! To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already, They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ; As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me, As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude : Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd As fast as they are made, forgot as soon As done : Perseverance, dear my lord, Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang, Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ; For honour travels in a streight so narrow,

Where

Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path :
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue ; If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;——
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on : Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours :
 For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewel goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,——
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
 And shew to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object :
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical :

'Tis

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreffure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Pan.

Patr. O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Therfites hither, sweet Patroclus;
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector;
and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling,
that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a
stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath
no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—
there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there
is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will
not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever;
for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break
it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-*
morrow, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What
think you of this man, that takes me for the general.
He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A
plague of opinion: a man may wear it on both sides, like
a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therfites.

Ther.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me e'er he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy. Enter at one Door ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTE-NOR, and DIOMED, &c. with Torches.

Paris.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,

During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,

Welcome, indeed; By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early.

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge),
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

* *Dio.* Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;

And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : Hear me, Paris,—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
 But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PANDARUS'S House. *Enter* TROILUS, and CRESSIDA:

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down ;
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not ;
 To bed, to bed : Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants' empty of all thought !

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me ?

Troi. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,

Wak'd

Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking: I
shall have such a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?—
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be
Nor suffer others. [good,

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!—
hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [One knocks.

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'
the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—
How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

[Knock.
I would not for half Troy have you seen here. [Exeunt.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,
I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here: what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—
What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong e'er you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not, you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
E'er the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida,

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt TROILUS, and ÆNEAS.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil
take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague
upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?
gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am
above!

Cre. O the gods!--what's the matter!

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; Would thou had'st ne'er
been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:--O poor
gentleman!--A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone;
thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father,
and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be
his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!--I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.--O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.--I'll go in, and weep--

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with fobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Before PANDARUS's House. Enter PARIS, TROILUS,
ÆNEAS, DIOMEDES, &c.*

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:---Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand, when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit TROILUS.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!---
Please you, walk in my lords.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment in PANDARUS's House. Enter PANDARUS,
and CRESSIDA.*

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:

My

My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Gre. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,---as the goodly saying is,---

———o heart, a heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

Where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we fee it, we see it.---How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods---as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities---take thee from me.

Gre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Gre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Gre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Gre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejointure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,

He

He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distast'd with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord ! is the lady ready ?

Troi. Hark ! you are call'd : Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come !* to him that instantly must die.---
Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians ?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks !—
When shall we see again ?

Troi. Hear me, my love : Be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true ! how now ? what wicked deem is this ?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us :—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee ;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart :
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,
To give nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens !—be true, again.

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love : The Grecian youths
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good, my lord,——

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, and DIOMED.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this price expects
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, Thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee.
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust. And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSID. *Sound Trumpet.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Enter AJAX arm'd, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, 'till thy spher'd bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Uly. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Aga. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Uly. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Aga. Is this the lady Cressida?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Uly. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyf. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir :—Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give :
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyf. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cre. You may.

Ulyf. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then.

Ulyf. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyf. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady a word ;—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyf. Fie, fie upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That

That give a coasting welcome e'er it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish-reader! set them down
For fluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojan's trumpet!

Ag. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, &c. with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be
done to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Ag. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Ag. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, Sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home:
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek.
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Ag. Here is Sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it ; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath : the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Uly. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Trojan is that fame that looks so heavy ?

Uly. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
Not soon provok'd ; nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd :
His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews ;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects ! but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love :
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st ; awake thee !

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !—

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you,

Ajax. I am not warm yet ; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And

*And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :—
Cousin, all honour to thee !*

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hec. We'll answer it ;
The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
(As feld I have the chance), I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hec. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is firew'd with huffs
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;---
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hec. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hec. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quendam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hec. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a foldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,

Never

Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :---
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hec. I would they could. [morrow.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time---

Uly. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hec. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan deed,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed.
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Uly. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hec. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Uly. So to him we leave it:
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hec. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hec. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hec. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hec. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man!
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hec. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that smithy'd Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hec.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent TROILUS, and ULYSSES.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyf. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus :
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyf. You shall command me, Sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O, Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

ACHILLES' Tent. *Enter* ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achilles.

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-son undistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skin of sleeve silk, thou green farcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite: From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fail, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, comè, Therfites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shooting-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits, and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and DIOMED, *with Lights.*

Aga. We go wrong. we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Aga. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to 'tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther.

Ther. Sweet draught : Sweet, quoth a ! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those That go, or tarry.

Ag. Good night. [*Exeunt AGAM. and MENEL.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent ; I'll keep you company. [*To TROILUS.*]

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it ; it is prodigious, there will come some change ; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent : I'll after.—Nothing but lechery ! all incontinent virtues. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

CALCHAS's Tent. Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho ! speak.

Cal. Who calls ?

Dio. Diomed. —

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter ?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter

*Enter TROILUS, and ULYSSES, at a Distance; after them
THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him !

Dio. How now, my charge ?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian !—Hark,
A word with you.

[Whispers,

Troi. Yea, so familiar !

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man

May sing her, if he can take her cliff ; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cre. Remember ? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then ;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember ?

Ulyss. Lift !

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho ! pho ! come, tell a pin : you are forsworn.—

Cre. In faith, I cannot : What would you have me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath ;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan ?

Cre. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness !

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To

To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go

Troi. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off :

You flow to great distraction : come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, my lord t

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?
You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a word :
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potatoe finger, tickles these together ! Fry, lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you then ?

Cre. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Troi.

Troi. O beauty!

Where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Troi. I will be patient; outwardly, I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pry'thee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone,

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go :— One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come :— O Jove!—
Do, come :— I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then.

[*Exit.*

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but now.

Troi.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics---apt, without a theme,
For depravation---to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can foil our mo-

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she. [thrusts?

Ther. Will he swaggër himself out on's own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the god's delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides far wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heav'n are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
 'That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm ;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty fun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false !
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself ;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord :
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince :—My courteous lord,
 Farewel, revolted fair !—and, Diomed, [adieu :—
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head !

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed ! I
 would creak like a raven ; I would bode, I would bode.
 Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
 this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond,
 than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still,
 wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : A burning
 devil take them !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace of Troy. Enter HECTOR, and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in :
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent :
Confort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of fally for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.——

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.]

Hec. No, 'faith young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth; I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :

Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hec. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.

Hec. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play by heaven, Hector.

Hec. How now? how now?

Troi. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother; And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords; Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hec. Fie, savage, fie!

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hec. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,

Thou.

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the face of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father,

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector !
Look, how thou dy'st ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Troi. Away !——Away !——

Cas. Farewel. Yet soft :—Hector, I take my leave :
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam.

Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about thee!
[Exit PRIAM. Alarums.]

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthific, a whoreson rascally phthific
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one
o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too;
and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were
curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she
there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter, from the
heart; [Tearing the Letter.]

The effect doth operate another way.——

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.——

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you——

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey!—ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Camp. [Alarum.] Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll
go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Dio-
med, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's
sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them
meet; that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore
there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain,
with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab,
of a sleeveless errand, O' the other side, The policy of
those

those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry :—They set me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, and TROILUS.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire :
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee!

[They go off fighting.]

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter HECTOR.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's Art thou of blood, and honour? *[match?]*

Ther. No, no :—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee;—live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me! But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! what's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The same. Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Ag. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menno : bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner ;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pass'd courses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius : Prolixenes is slain ;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruise'd : the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers ; haste we, Dionied,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame, —
There is a thousand Hector's in the field ;
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Uly. O, courage, courage, princes ! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution ;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,

As

As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

[*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field. Re-enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,
E'er that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you
both.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

[*Fight.*

Achil.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
 Be happy, that my arms are out of use :
 My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
 But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
 'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hec. Fare thee well :——

I would have been much more a fresher man,
 Had I expected thee.—How no, my brother ?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; Shall it be ?
 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
 He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken too,
 Or bring him off :—Fate, hear me what I say !
 I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a goodly mark ;—
 No ? wilt thou not ?—I like thy armour well ;
 I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it :—Wilt thou not, beast, abide ?
 Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

The same. Enter ACHILLES, with MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons ;
 Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel :
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath ;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about ;
 In fellest manner execute your arms.
 Follow me, Sirs, and my proceedings eye :—
 It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

The same. Enter THERSITES, MENELAUS, and PARIS.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it :
Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! now my double-
hen'd sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, loo ! The bull has the game :
---'ware horns, ho ! [*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards : I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field. Enter HECTOR.

Hec. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take good breath :
Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and death !

Enter ACHILLES, and his MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hec. I am unarm'd ; forego this 'vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

[*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.---

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets found the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separate.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.---

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sound Retreat. Shout.

SCENE X.

The same. Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is---Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet brags let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along;---Let one be sent,

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.---

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field. Enter ÆNEAS, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the field :
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ?——the gods forbid !

Troi. He's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly fort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed !
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy !
I say, at once ! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead :
There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you !—And thou, great siz'd
No space of earth shall funder our two hates ; [coward !
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS, &c.*

Enter PANDARUS:

Pan. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit TROILUS.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
 Oh, world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
 O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work,
 and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so
 lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verve for it?
 what instance for it?—let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
 But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
 It should be now, but that my fear is this—
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
 'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Personae.

M E N.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

Passianus, Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.

Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.

Young *Lucius*, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.

Sempronius,

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius, } Sons to Tamara.

Aaron, a Moor, belov'd by Tamara.

Captain from Titus's Camp.

Æmilius, a Messenger.

Goths and Romans.

Clown.

W O M E N.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.

Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

Scene, Rome; and the country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers, at one Door; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, at the other; with Drum and Colours.

Saturninus.

Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity. [right—

Bass. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,

For

For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls :
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies pride : Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;——

And now at last laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,——
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affirm
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favours,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause :
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As

As I am confident and kind to thee.---

Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-House.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter MUTIUS and MARCUS: after them, two Men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths, ALARBUS, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, Prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy morning weeds!
I.o, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.——
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,

With

With burial among their ancestors :
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 'To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ——
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you ; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,---Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son :
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
 O ! if to fight for king and common weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these ;
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood ;
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
 Draw near them then in being merciful :
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;
 Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS,
and LUCIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Cbi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy,
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter MUTIUS, MARCUS, QUINTUS, and LUCIUS.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here

Here grow no damned grudges, here no storm,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !

Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd

The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart !——

Lavinia, live ; out-live thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords ;

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.——

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue ;

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,

Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :

What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?

Be chose with proclamations to-day ;

To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controul the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right;

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not,
'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou were ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus? interrupter of the good
'That noble-minded Titus means to thee!—

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept who he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians, and plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
 And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name, and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my empress,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
 [To TAMORA,

To him, that for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Law. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go :
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free ;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]

Tit. How, Sir ? Are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb shew.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the-emperor's guard ?
Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd : By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit BASSIANUS with LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What ! villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome ? [TITUS kills MUT.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so ;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Not thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;
My sons would never so dishonour me :
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
 I'll trust by leisure, him that mocks me once;
 Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
 Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
 Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
 But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
 Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece,
 To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
 A valiant son-in law thou shalt enjoy;
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,---
 That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
 Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,---
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee empress of Rome.
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
 And here I swear by all the Romans Gods,---
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymeneus stands,---
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
 If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany
 Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*
Manent]

Manent TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs?

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS and
MARCUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren. [*TITUS' Sons speak.*]

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

[*TITUS' Son speaks.*]

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
'To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Q 3

Mar.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismallest day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

[*They all kneel and say:*

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;

If by device, or no, the heavens can tell;

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, at one Door: At the other Door, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride,

Bas.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord : I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of Rome determine all ;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir : You are very short with us ;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,---
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd ;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave :
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine ;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not disssembled, speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.——
 My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part ;
 And so supplant us for ingratitude
 (Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),
 Yield at intreats, and then let me alone :
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain. — } [*Aside.*
 Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my emperess hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.——

For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.——
 And fear not, lords,——and you, Lavinia ;——
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
 That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.——

Tam.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Palace. Enter AARON alone,

Aaron.

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long

Hast

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
 This Syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Cbi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
 Go to; have you lath glu'd within your sheath,
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

Cbi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns;
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,

Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Chi. Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
'Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.——

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!-- an' should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her I do love.

Aar. To achieve her!--How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman; therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus, may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado,
Why, hark ye, hark ye,---And are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Cbi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,

That

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns :
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Cbi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas,* 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per Manes vobor. ———

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Forest. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS and his three Sons, with Hounds and Horns, and MARCUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To 'tend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But 'dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a Cry of Hounds, and Wind Horns in a Peal : then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ; —
Madam, to you as many and as good ! —
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

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R

Lav.

Lav. I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now ye shall see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A desert Part of the Forest. Enter AARON alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:

And

And—after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her charity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress : Bassianus comes :
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS, and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her ;

Who hath abandon'd her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controuler of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If soul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mo-
Why does your highness look so pale and wan? [ther

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here,

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew ;
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed :
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* *BASSIANUS.*]

Cbi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,---nay, barbarous Tamora !
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poinard ; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness :
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Cbi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Cbi. I warrant you, madam ; we will make that sure.--
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,--

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory,
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting sleet to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath ; she taught it thee :
The milk, thou suck'st from her, did turn to marble ;
Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.--
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

Cbi. What ! would'st thou have me prove myself a
bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark :
Yet have I heard (O could I find it now !)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means, away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
'That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless :--
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent :
Therefore away with her, use her as you will ;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body;
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou her
husband; [Dragging off LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS, and MARCUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; we're not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport, to sleep a while.

[*MARCUS falls into the Pit.*

Quin.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:---

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
That he thereby may have a likely guefs, [here;
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surpris'd with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart,
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,---
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,——

Out.

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out.
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more ; I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor, and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus ;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
'Fo find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ? I know thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chace ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; ANDRONICUS, and
LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy :
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth SATURNINUS a Letter.*

SATURNINUS

SATURNINUS reads the Letter.

*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Shewing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

[*To Titus.*]

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them---

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.--
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;

For,

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE. V.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravish'd
her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Cbi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Cbi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Cbi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS to LAVINIA.

Mar. Who's this,---my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?---

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!---

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hand

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?---

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'ed thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,---
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,---
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That better could have sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome. Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARCUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the Stage to the Place of Execution, and TITUS going before, pleading.

Titus.

HEAR me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which you now see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought!
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.]

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, *[Exeunt.]*
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still:
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones :
A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death :
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers ;
Tygers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine : How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished ?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break ;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me !

Tit.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her :—
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handleless in thy father's sight ?
 What fool hath added water to the sea ?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use :
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
 Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself ; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

It would have madd'd me ; What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so ?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this : —
 Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks ; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :
 Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill her husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes. —
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
 See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece : — good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :
Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say
That to her brother which I said to thee ;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this !
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand ;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brother's lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, e'er half an hour pass.

[*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's Hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS again.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

[*Aside.*]

Doth fat me with the very thought of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad?
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two Heads and a Head.

Mes. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses him.

Mar.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortlefs,
As frozen water to a starved fnake.

Tit. When will this fearful flumber have an end ?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery : Die, Andronicus ;
Thou doft not flumber : fee, thy two fon's heads ;
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banifh'd fon, with this dear fight
Struck pale and bloodlefs ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a ftoney image, cold and numb.

Ah ! now no more will I controul thy griefs :
Rent off thy filver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this difmal fight
The clofing up of your moft wretched eyes !
Now is a time to ftorm, why art thou ftill ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Why doft thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to fhed :
Besides, this forrow is an enemy,
And would ufurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then which way fhall I find revenge's cave ?
For thefe two heads do feem to fpeak to me ;
And threat me, I fhall never come to blifs,
'Till all thefe mifchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me fee what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about ;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And fwear unto my foul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear :
Lavinia, thou fhalt be employed in thefe things ;
Bear thou my hand, fweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my fight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou muft not ftay :
Hie to the Goths, and raife an army there :
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kifs and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewel, proud Rome! 'till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit* Lucius.]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in TITUS's House. A Banquet. Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To* LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;

That

That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;—

Lest we remember still, that we have none.—

Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk!

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—

She stays, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still practice, learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*MARCUS strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed

A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother ; Get thee gone ;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?
Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
'There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, firrah !—yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TITUS's House. Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him; and the Boy flies from her, with his Books under his Arm. Enter TITUS and MARCUS.

Boy.

HELP, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why :—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius :—Somewhat doth she mean :—

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee :

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit of phrenzy do possess her :

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow ; That made me to fear ;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth :

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly ;

Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet aunt :

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see :—
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mad. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was :—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus'* treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother see; note, how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murderers, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed: [friends,—
Or slunk not Saturnine, as *Tarquin* erst,
'That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece'* bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—

My lord, look here ;—look here, Lavinia :

[He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.]

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !—

Write thou, good niece ; and here display at last,

What God will have discover'd for revenge :

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps, and writes.]

Tit. O do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?

Stuprum—Ghiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed ?

Tit. —Magne Dominator Poli,

Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful seere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucre's rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;

And

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury ;
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, no, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him ?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield :
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus !

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest a while.—

} [*Aside.*

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Let us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Bafely insinuate; and send us gifts:

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say, amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-Moor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all.
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her !

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou
Can'st not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Wee to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it nurse ? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :—
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villans ! will you kill your brother ?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir !

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands.

What, what ; ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys !
Ye white-limb'd walls ! ye alehouse painted signs !
Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue :
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Eye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchis'd and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :—
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
Go to the empress; tell her this I said :—

[*He kills her.*

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore did'st

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy : [thou this?
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in my arms,

And

And secretly to greet the empress' friends,—
Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Street near the palace. Enter TITUS, old MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen with Bows; and TITUS bears the Arrows with Letters on the Ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit:—be you remember'd Marcus.—
She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets; haply, you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it:
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?—

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels,——
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:—
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs;
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here to Mercury:—

To Saturn, and to Cælus; not to Saturnine,--

You were as good to shoot against the wind.---

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now masters draw, [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius! Good boy, in virgo's lap, give it to Pallas. [cious!

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd
till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, Sir, I never came there:
God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my
young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the
tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my
uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the em-
peror from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the em-
peror with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all
my life.

Tit.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado,
 But give your pigeons to the emperor :
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
 Hold, hold ;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
 Give me a pen and ink.——
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
 you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ;
 then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then
 look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir ; see you do it
 bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.
 Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ;
 For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :——
 And when thou hast given it the emperor,
 Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, Sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go :—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Palace. Enter Emperor, and Empress, and her two
 Sons ; the Emperor brings the Arrows in his Hand, that
 TITUS shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? Was ever seen
 An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
 Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent
 Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt ?
 My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
 However the disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,

Shall be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my lords?
As who should say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become [*Aside.*
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mastership be imperial.

Tit. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and saint Stephen, give you good den:
I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*The Emperor reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, Sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne?—as if his traiterous sons,
That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself have often over-heard them say
(When I have walked like a private man),
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,

He

He can at pleasure stint their melody :
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora intreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
 Go thou before, be our ambassador : [*To ÆMILIUS.*
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;
 And temper him with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Camp, at a small Distance from Rome. Enter LUCIUS
 and Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.*

Lucius.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
 I have received letters from great Rome,

U 2

Which

Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
 Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
 And, wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
 Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
 Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
 Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
 Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
 Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
 Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
 And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
 But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troos I stray'd,
 To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
 And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
 I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
 The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy lue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' lue,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ! not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A fight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; But vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason ; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no god ;
That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—

Therefore I urge thy oath ;—For that, I know,
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
 And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;
 To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
 To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up ;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus :

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands off ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ; and
 Trim sport for them that had the doing of it. ['twas

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them ;
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay ;
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen, and her two sons :
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When, for his hand, he had his two son's heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse),
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
Even when the sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house ;
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Titus's Palace in Rome. Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and
DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus ;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and TITUS opens his Study Door.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?
Is it your trick to make me open the door ;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect ?
You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have set down ;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord ?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough: [me.

Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;

Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:

I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,

No vast obscurity, or misty vale,

Where bloody murder, or detested rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, e'er I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;

Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;

And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves:

And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel

Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,

Until his very downfall in the sea.

And

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes,
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefeft princes of the Goths
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*
Tam.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*to her Sons.*] What say you, boys? will you abide
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor, [*with him,*
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I knew them all though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*side.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAM.*

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Servants,

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with a Knife, and* LAVINIA
with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame, you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will de reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet; which I wish might prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

[*He cuts their Throats.*

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and *Goths*, with AARON Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON.*

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.— [*Flourish.*

The trumpets shew the emperor is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys.

A Table brought in. Enter TITUS, like a Cook, placing the Meat on the Table, and LAVINIA, with a Veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

[He kills her.

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness
feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He slabs TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He slabs TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

LUCIUS slabs SATURNINUS.

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane into herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtesy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,

[*To LUCIUS,*

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time

When.

When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration :
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb, and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murder'd our emperor's brother ;
And they it was, that ravished our sister :
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend :
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worrhlcss praise : O, pardon me :
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak : Behold this child,
Of this was Tamora delivered ;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
Have we done aught amiss ? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak : and if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail ; Rome's royal emperor !
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house ;
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans ; may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—
Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son !

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kisses for kisses,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers : Thy grandfire lov'd thee well :
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :

Friends.

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, so you did live again!——
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with AARON.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps have had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruin. [Exeunt omnes.]

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CYMBELINE.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former husband. †

Leonatus Posthumus, a Gentleman married to the Princess.

Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of
Morgan.

Guiderius, ? disguised under the Names of Polydore and
Arviragus, § Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.

Philario, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.

Iachimo, Friend to Philario.

Gaius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome.

Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.

A French Gentleman.

Cornelius, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

W O M E N.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

Helen, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a
Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other
Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace in Britain. *Enter two Gentlemen.*

I Gentlemen.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers'
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter ?

I Gent. His daughter and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son (a widow,
That late he married), hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman : She's wedded :
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king ?

I Gent. He, that hath lost her, too ; so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so ?

I Gent. He that hath mis'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her
(I mean, that marry'd her---alack, good man!---
And therefore banish'd), is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,

So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root; His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Caffibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do), most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd---her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,

Mark

Mark it), the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, IMOGEN and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness.
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,

I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty), what
 His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
 O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man ! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth,
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter ; thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure :—Yet I'll move him

[*Aside.*

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
 Pays dear for my offences.

[*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The lothness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
 This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
 But keep it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And fear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here.

[*Putting on the Ring.*

While

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To you so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; Ill place it

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.]

Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. O, the gods! —

When shall we see again

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[Exit]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might'st not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my
A seat for baseness. [thrusts]

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir.

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;

You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man, worth any woman ; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What !—art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, Sir : Heaven restore me !—Would I were
A neat herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !
They were again together : you have done

[*To the Queen.*

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience :—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace ;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly !

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie !—you must give way :
Here is your servant.—How now, Sir, what news ?

Pis. My lord, your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !
No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger ; they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend : he takes his part—
To draw upon an exile !—O brave Sir !—
I would they were in Afric both together ;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven : left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to.

When

When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you speak with
You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard : [*me :*
For this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the violence
of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice : Where air
comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad so whole-
some as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it——
Have I hurt him ?

2 Lord. No, faith ; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass, if he
be not hurt : it is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not
hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt ; it went o' the backside
the town. [*Aside.*

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face.
[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Stand you ! You have land enough of your
own : but he added to your having ; gave you some
ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans : Puppies !
[*Aside.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a
fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me.

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber : 'Would there had been some hurt done !

2 Lord. I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clot. You'll go with us ?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

IMOGEN's Apartments. Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen !*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen ! happier therein than I !—
And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, e'er left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them,
To look upon him; 'till the diminution [but
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: e'er I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The she's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or e'er I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. V.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House. Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, Sir : I have seen him in Britain ; he was then of a crescent note : expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of : but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration ; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France : we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own), words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment,

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life !—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Britain : Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine : How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone my countryman and you ; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my very action to be guided by other's experiences ; but upon my mended judgment (if I offend not to say it is mended), my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords ; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ?

French. Safely, I think ; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses : This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation), his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living ; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing ; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison), had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of your's outlustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many : but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her : so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken : the one may be sold, or given ; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift : the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you ?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title your's : but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too : so, of your brace of unprissable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual ; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress ; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves ; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me ; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress : make her go back, even to the yielding ; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring ; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something : But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation : and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you are worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Your's; who in constancy you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of her's, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are your's; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your
jewel,

jewel, and my gold are your's;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced (you not making it appear otherwise), for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt POST. and IACH.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

CYMBELINE'S Palace. *Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

But I beseech your grace (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask), wherefore you have
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen.

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none human),
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work : he's for his master, [*Aside.*
And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio ? —
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word, — [*To* PISANIO

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she
has

Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature : Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while :
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs ;
Then afterward up higher : but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect ; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou think,
in time

She will not quench ; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work :
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master : greater ; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another ;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans ?
Who cannot be new built ; nor has no friends,

[*The queen drops a Phial ; PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death ; I do not know
What is more cordial :—Nay, I pry'thee, take it ;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her ; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on ; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still : to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee : I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire ; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women :

[*Exit PISANIO.*

Think on my words.—A fly and constant knave ;
Not to be shak'd : the agent for his master ;

And

And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—Well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. *[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]*

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

IMOGEN'S Apartment. *Enter IMOGEN.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort,—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO, and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. *[Gives a Letter.]*

Imo. Thanks, good Sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, *[Aside.]*

She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
Or like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ;
Rather, directly fly.

IMOGEN reads.

— *He is one of the noblest nore, to whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes

[*Aside.*

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye ; for apes and monkies,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other : Nor i' the judgment ;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite : Nor i' the appetite ;
Sluttary, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow ?

Iach. The cloyed will

(That satiate yet unsatisfy'd desire,
That tub both fill'd and running), ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo.

Imo. What, dear fir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, fir,
[To PISANIO]

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, fir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O!
*Can my sides bold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards him
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you—which I account his, beyond all talents—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office, of the gods to 'venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then born), discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the greateſt king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diſeaſ'd ventures,
That ply with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenneſs can lend nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd? If this be true
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe), if it be true,
How ſhould I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable rumps,
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it.
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure:
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What, ho, Piſanio!

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou woul'd'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange.
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far

From

From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike:—What, ho, Pisanio!——
 The king my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.——What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
 The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon,
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him:
 Half all men's heart are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty prince, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
 In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for
 your's.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot,
 To intreat your guest but in a small request,
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns

Your

Your lord ; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
(The best feather of our wing), have mingled fums,
To buy a present for the emperor :
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France : 'Tis plate, of rare device ; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form ; their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage ; May it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly :

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night ;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;
But not away to-morrow ?

Iach. O, I must madam :
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you ; You are very welcome,

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Cloten.

WAs there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't: and when a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha!

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?

'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool.

[*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-flave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger; and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*A side.*]

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*A side.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN, and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Bed-Chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech you!

[*Sleeps.*

[*IACHIMO, from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, e'er he waken'd
The chastity he wounded—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kifs; one kifs!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
'To see the enclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under these windows: White and azure; lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct,—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such pictures:—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures?
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o' the story—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body
(Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify), to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear:
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three:—Time, time!

[*Goes into the Trunk: the Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Palace. Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

I Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss
the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

I Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper
of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when
you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage : If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough : It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come : I am advis'd to give her music o' mornings ; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : If none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark ! bark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise !*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better : if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE, and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clot.

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him ; some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's your's.

Queen. You are most bound to the king :
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter : Frame yourself
To orderly solicits ; and be friended
With aptness of the season : make denials
Increase your services : so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome ;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender ;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. —Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. —Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. —By your leave, ho ! —

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her ; What
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer : and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : What
Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me ; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more ?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as your's,
Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clot. Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
What I shall think is good ?—The prince's—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir : You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool ?

Imo. As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
(To accuse myself), I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Cl. t. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court), it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties
(Yet who than he more meap?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am frighted with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse;—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think,

I saw't this morning: confident I am,

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it:

I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord

That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search.

[Exit PISANIO]

Clot. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Im. Ay; I said so, Sir:

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[Exit.]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House. Enter POST-
HUMUS, and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, Sir: I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain her's.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post.

Poff. Not any ; but abide the change of time :
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come : In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly : And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Poff. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be),
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phil. See ! Iachimo !

Poff. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Poff. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Poff. And therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Poff. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. 'The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour;
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is your's: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or losses
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber

(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess
Had that was well worth watching), It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride : A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true ;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,

Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney

Is south the chamber ; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb ; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,

Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubims is fretted : Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour !—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale : I beg but leave to air this jewel : See !—
And now 'tis up again : It must be married
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove !—

Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir (I thank her) that :
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outfell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too : She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ! 'tis true. Here, take this too ;
[*Gives the Ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't ;—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man : The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing :—
O, above measure false ?

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 'tis not yet won :
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true ;—
And so, I hope, he came by't :—Back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he swears,
'Tis true ;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true : I am sure,
She could not love it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—They induc'd to steal it !
And by a stranger ?—No ; he hath enjoy'd her :

The

The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phil. Sir, be patient :
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't :
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing), lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : By my life,
I kiss'd it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the turns ;
Once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing :——
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie ;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal !
I will go there, and do't i' the court ; before
Her father :——I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won :
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Another Room in PHILARIO's House. Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-parcell of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A prudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste us unsumm'd snow:—O, all the devils;—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was't not?—
Or less—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *ob!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she,
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part! Be't lying, note it
The woman's; flattering, her's; deceiving, her's;
Lust and rank thoughts, her's, her's; revenges, her's;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, her's, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their wills:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace. Enter, in State, CYMBELINE,
Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door; and at another
CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cymbeline.

Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it), for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
E'er such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again. - Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest,
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag

Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping
 (Poor ignorant bauble !) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O, giglet fortune !) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : Our
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I
 said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them may
 have crook'd noses ; but, to own such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as
 Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have a hand...
 Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can
 hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in
 his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no
 more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Roman did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world), against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be ; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
 our laws,
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy :
Receive it from me then :—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him : of him I gather'd honour ;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons cold :
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two or longer : If you seek us after-
wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
girdle : if you beat us out of it, it is your's ; if you fall
in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you ;
and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room. Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How ? of adultery ? Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse ?—Leonatus !
O, master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear ? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :

B b 2

She's

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to?—*Do't: The letter* [Reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble!
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contained relish of love,
 Of mylord's health, of his content—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him!
 (Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love)—of his content,
 All but in that?—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
 You bees, that make those locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
 Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reading.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should be to me in his
 dominions, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of
 creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice,
 that*

that I am in *Cambria*, at *Milford-Haven*: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, be wisest you all happiness, that remains loyal to his word, and your, increase in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

O, for a horse with wings !---Hear'st thou, *Pisanio* ?
He is at *Milford-Haven* : Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day ?---Then, true *Pisanio*
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st---
O, let me bate---but not like me :--- yet long'st---
But in a fainter kind :---O, not like me ;
For mine's beyond, beyond), say, and speak thick
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense), how far it is
To this same blessed *Milford* : And, by the way,
Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven : But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
'Till our return, to excuse :---but first, how get hence :
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour ?

Pis. One score, 'twixt fun and fun,
Madam, 's enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow : I have heard of riding wagers
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf :---But this is foolery :---
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,
A riding-suit ; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's house-wife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Changes into a Forest, in Wales, with a Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allowed: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such

Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest : nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you ? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the search ;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure :—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me : My body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me ;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off ; Then was I as a tree,

Whose

Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour !

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world :
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains ;
This is not hunter's language : He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt GUID. and ARV.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !
These boys know little ; they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine : and, though train'd up thus
meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story : say—*Thus mine enemy fell ;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek ; he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,

Strikes

Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving, Hark! the game is rouz'd!—
 O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou 'rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to her grave:
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven. Enter PISANIO, and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place

Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
 From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
 Into a haviour of less fear, e'er wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If it be summer news,
 Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that countenance still---My husband's hand!
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath outcrafted him,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing

The

The most disdain'd of fortune.

IMOGEN reads.

Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmise; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of her's. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose. Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally disloyal to mine.

Pis. What! shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander; Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed? Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witnesses:—Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ript:—to pieces with me!—O, Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming, By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought

Put

Put on for villany ; not born, where't grows ;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
Were, in his time, thought false : and *Sinon's* weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity
From most true wretchedness : So, thou, *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the leaves on all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.---Come fellow, be thou honest :
Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience : Look !
I draw the sword myself : take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument ?

Thou shalt not damn mine hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart ;---
Something's afore't :---Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;
Obedient as the scabbard.---What is here ?
The scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, *Posthumus*, that diddest set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
 That thou now tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pry'thee, dispatch :
 The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady !

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
 Mine action and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
 The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent ; whereunto I never
 Purpose to return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment : in the which
 I have consider'd of a course ; Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :

I have heard, I am a strumpet ; and mine ear
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :

But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
 But that my master is abus'd :

Some villan, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this curfed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pif. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and fend him
Some bloody fign of it; for 'tis commanded
I fhould do fo: You fhall be mifs'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What fhall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pif. If you'll back to the court——

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harfh, noble, fimple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-fuit hath been to me
As fearful as a fieve.

Pif. If not at court,
Then not in Britain muft you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the fun that fhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain feems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a fwan's neft: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pif. I am moft glad
You think of other place. The ambaffador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but difguife
That, which, to appear itfelf, muft not yet be,
But by felf-danger; you fhould tread a courfe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The refidence of Pofthumus; fo nigh, at leaft,
That though his actions were not vifible, yet
Report fhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for fuch means!
Though peril to my modetty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pif. Well, then, here's the point :
 You muſt forget to be a woman ; change
 Command into obedience ; fear, and niceneſs
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty ſelf), into a waggish courage ;
 Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, faucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weazel : nay, you muſt
 Forget that rareſt treasure of your cheek,
 Expoſing it (but, O, the harder heart !
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kiffing Titan ; and forget
 Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief :

I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
 A man already.

Pif. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
 ('Tis in my cloke-bag,) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
 That anſwer to them : Would you in their ſerving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble Lucius
 Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
 Wherein you are happy (which you'll make him know,
 If that his head have ear in muſic, doubtleſs,
 With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
 And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad
 You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor ſupplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
 There's more to be conſider'd ; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us : This attempt
 I am ſoldier to, and will abide it with
 A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pif. Well, madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel :
 Left, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
 Your carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,

Here

Here is a box ; I had it from the queen ;
What's in't is precious : if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods
Direct you to the best !

Imo. Amen : I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Palace of CYMBELINE. Enter CYMBELINE, Queen,
CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far ; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote : I must from hence ;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unking-like.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office ;
The due of honour in no point omit :—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happinefs !

[*Exit LUCIUS, &c.*]

Queen.

Queen. He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,
'That we have given him cause.——

Clot. 'Tis all the better ;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business ;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day : She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty ;
We have noted it.—Call her before us ; for
We have been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her : She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir ? How
Can her contempt be answer'd ?

Serv. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd ; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close ;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer : this

She

She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false?

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of her's, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Go, look after.—

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus; Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:

Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May

This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*]

Clot. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, firrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,

How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home;
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord —

Clot. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word——No more of worthy lord—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't:——I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } [*Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O, Imogen,
[*Aside.*

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo
these employments, wherein I should have cause to use
thee.

thee, with a serious industry—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true, [Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to the, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.

SCENE VI.

The Forest and Cave. Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove, I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me; I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine, E'er clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever

Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend. —Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heavens! *[She goes into the Cave.]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
 Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury; Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll brouze on
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. *[that,*

Bel. Stay; come not in:— *[Looking in.]*
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
 I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv.

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name ?

Imo. Fidele, Sir : I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
'Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
E'er you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll mak't my comfort,
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is your's :—Most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends !
If brothers ?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize
Been less ; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. } [*Aside.*]

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't !

Arv. Or I ; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,

Tha

That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false——

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

[welcome.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Rome. Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite
The gentry to this business : He creates
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant : The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest, near the Cave. Enter CLOTEN.

Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (savouring reverence of the word) for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperfeverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: Out, sword, and to a fore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well : remain here in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here : [To IMOGEN.]
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ; yet I am not well :
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, e'er sick : So please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.

I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, Sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !
The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick : ———Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. I could not stir him :
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—
We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. [*Exit IMOGEN.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Guid. But his neat cookery !
He cut our roots in characters ;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From

From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. Is it great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence.

Guid. He is but one :—You and my brother search
What companies are near : pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain : Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name ?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know,
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid ?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the wife :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death :
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and extant.*]

Enter BELARIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world : You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his : I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors : For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear—But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool ; an empty purse,
There was no money in't : not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. I am perfect, what : cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where thank the gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ?
For we do fear the law. What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone : Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing
(As it is like him), might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in : yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground we fear,

If we do fear, this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance

Come as the ghosts forelay it : howfoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd :

'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't ! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,

So the revenge alone pursu'd me !—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly ; but envy much,
'Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock ;
You and Fidele play the cooks : I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele !

I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind,

That

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Guid. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn Music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Guid. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now. *[mother,*

Guid. What does he mean ? since death of my dearest
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing her in
his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for ?

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. " I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel.

Bel. O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: but I,
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweaten not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-flaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To wincer-ground thy corse.

Guid. Pr'ythee have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—to the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv.

Arr. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that : though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust ; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely ;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So—Begin.

SONG.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.
 Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Guid. *No exorciser barm thee!
 Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
 Both. Quiet consummation have;
 And renowned be thy grave!*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Guid. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight more:
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
 Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:
 You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
 Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. *Exeunt.*

IMOGEN, awaking.

Imo Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—
 I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thi-
 'Ods pittikins?—can it be six miles yet? [ther?
 I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But

But, soft! no bedfellow :—O, gods and goddeffes!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes : Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear : But if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face——
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, he darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!——Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters——damn'd Pisanio——
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left his head on.—How should this be, Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten : malice and lucre in them
 Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home :
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's : O!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us : O, my lord! my lord!

Enter

Enter LUCIUS, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea ; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships :
They are in readinefs.

Luc. But what from Rome ?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy ; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service ; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardnefs

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to't.—Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) : Thus :—
I saw Jove's bird the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams : which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination),
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that some time
It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !——
Or, dead, or sleeping on him ? but dead, rather :
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded : Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath

Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it, Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by moutaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [Aside.
'They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name.

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But, first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave : Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us ; and he shall be interr'd,
 As foldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
 Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

CYMBELINE'S Palace. *Enter CYMBELINE, Lords and PISANIO.*

Cym. Again ; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son ;
 A madness, of which life's in danger :—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone : my queen
 Upon a desperate bed ; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me : her son gone,
 So needful for this present : It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is your's,
 I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
 Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here :
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten—
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
 We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy

[*To PISANIO.*]

Does yet depend.

Lord.

Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move,

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exit.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betide to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave. Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and AR-
VIRAGUS.*

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans

Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?

Never

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir; and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys :
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie :
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn, [*Aside.*
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field, between the British and Roman Camps. Enter
POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Posthumus.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never

Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
 To have them fall no more : you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;
 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
 But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,
 And make me blest to obey !—I am brought hither
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits shew.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army at one Door ;
 and the British Army at another ; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS
 following it like a poor Soldier. They march over,
 and go out. Then enter again in Skirmish IACHIMO and
 POSTHUMUS : he vanquishes and disarmeth IACHIMO, and
 then leaves him.*

Jack. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood : I have bely'd a lady,

The

The princeſs of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeeble me; Or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature's, have ſubdu'd me,
 In my profeſſion? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

*The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken:
 then enter to his reſcue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and AR-
 VIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, ſtand! We have the advantage of the
 ground;
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and ſeconds the Britons. They reſcue
 CYMBELINE, and Excunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IA-
 CHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf:
 For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: Or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Excunt.

SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Field. Enter POSTHUMUS, and a Bri-
 tiſh Lord.*

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Poſt. I did:

Though you, it ſeems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Poſt.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane:

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
 Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier—
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings (lads more like to run
 The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame),
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts; which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing), with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
 But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,

A rout,

A rout, confusion thick : Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,
The strides they victors made : And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need), having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !
Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave : ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those, that would die or e'er resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance :

A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay do not wonder at it : You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end ?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel ; you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. Still going ?—This is a lord ! O noble misery !
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me !
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases ? took heel to do't,
And yet died too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we
'That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him :
For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in : Fight I will no more,

But

But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
 Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken;
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been dropping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
 As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
 PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present
 POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a
 Gaoler; after which all go out.*

SCENE IV.

A Prison. Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks
 So, graze, as you find pasture. [upon you;

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [Exeunt Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
 I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
 Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groan

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
 By the sure physician, death ; who is the key
 To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd
 More than my shanks and wrists : You good gods, give
 The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
 Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ?
 So childern temporal fathers do appease ;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire :
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it :
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ;
 You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

[*He sleeps.*

Solemn Music. Enter, as in an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior ; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the two young LEONATI, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.

Hath

Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
Whose face I never saw ?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes ;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

I Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel ;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousy ;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy ?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;

Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

I Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due ;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle : he throws a Thunder-Bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush !— How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers ;
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd ;
No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift ;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.— Rise, and fade !—

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;
 And so, away : no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount eagle to my palace chrystalline.

[*Ascend.*]

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields : his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes ; he is enter'd
 His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and begot
 A father to me : and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are sleep'd in favours ; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*Reads.*]

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without
 seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air ; and when
 from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead
 many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and
 freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
 fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Pos. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for
that, you are well cook'd.

Pos. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the
dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: But the com-
fort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no
more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting,
as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want
of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that
you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too
much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier,
for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of
heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be
quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it fums up thou-
sands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor
but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—
Your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the ac-
quittance follows.

Pos. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-
ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a
hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change
places with his officer: for, look you, Sir, you know not
which way you shall go.

Pos. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not
seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by
some that take upon them to know; or take upon your-
self that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump
the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall

speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POST. and Messenger.]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit: but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

CYMBELINE's Tent. *Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bell.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my knight's o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report,
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this :
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral ! which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft), to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

Enter

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and other Roman Prisoners; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was your's by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :
Augustus lives to think on't : And so much
For my peculiar care, This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like : let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me :—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,
Live, boy : ne'er thank thy master; live :
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo.

Imo. No, no ; alack,
There's other work in hand ; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me ;
He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak,
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN walk aside.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arr. One said another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you ?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress : [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [CYM. and IMO. come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side ;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth ;

[To IACHIMO.
Give

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

[*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it your's?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die e'er I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man

Love

Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye :—

Cym. I stand on fire :—

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover), took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd (therein
He was as calm as virtue), he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.—

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adultery : he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design : Well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my 'vantage, excellent ;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown

With

With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon——
Methinks, I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, *[Coming forward.]*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. *[Striking her, she falls.]*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo.

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still!

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!——

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that consecration
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poison for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.——

Guid. This is sure Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock! and now
Throw me again.

Poff. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir?

[Kneeling.

Bel.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame you not;
You had a motive for't. [*To GUID. and ARVI.*]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught: and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strange: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's misling, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's—
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here,
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, fir king?
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone; [*To the guards.*]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old foldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arw. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.— My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arw. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave;— Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy: Here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering peavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,

Most worthy prince, as your's, is true Guiderius :
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lap'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what ! am I
 A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
 Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now ?—O Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
 I have got two worlds by't—O my gentle brothers,
 Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
 But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
 When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. and at first meeting lov'd ;
 Continued so until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? This fierce abridgment
 Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in.—Where ? how liv'd you ?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
 How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
 Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with

I know

I know not how much more, should be demanded
And all the other by dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him; her brothers; me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy: the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices——
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

— [To BELLARIUS,

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Pos. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then followed:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [Kneels]
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Pos. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym.

Cym. Nobly doom'd ;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Pos. Your servant, princes.— Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aër* ; and *mollis aër*
We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife ; [To POST.] who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clip'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin :— And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and her's),]
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, e'er the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
E'er bloody hands were wash'd with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omne.*]



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